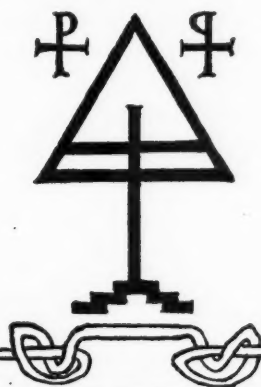


THE FIELD AFAR



THE MARYKNOLL AND VÉNARD FACULTIES.

(Taken at Maryknoll, Foundation Day, 1917.)

VOL. XI. No. 9 ✚ SEPTEMBER, 1917 ✚ PRICE 10 CENTS



THE FIELDS OF MARYKNOLL, WITH "ST. JOSEPH'S" PROGRESSING IN THE FOREGROUND.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of five professors, four of whom are priests.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For Particulars address THE SECRETARY.

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THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Number Nine

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THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Published on the
fifteenth day of each month by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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foreign\$1.00 a year.
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from our two communities.
From Benefactors here and abroad—
Several thousand Communion offered
monthly and as many rosaries of-
fered each week for all members of
the Society.
From Missioners in the Field—
Three hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communion and prayers of
faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

Points of View:

1911—"He has no right to
leave his country to be a foreign
missioner."—A. B.

1917—"Isn't it glorious to see
him going to Europe to fight
against the spirit of imperialism!"
—also A. B.

* *

MARYKNOLL has every reason
to believe that the recruiting
will not affect its roster of students.
In other ways than by recruiting
we are doing our bit,—developing
the farm, buying and begging
Liberty Bonds, and so forth. We
have also been taking spiritual
care of soldiers encamped a few
miles away at Millwood, where
Mass was said every Sunday,
often in the open.

* *

THE Catholic Fraternal Organi-
zations are beginning to do big
things in the United States, and
the Knights of Columbus are win-
ning the plaudits of thousands for
their projected work among the
American soldiers.

They will rival, in war activi-
ties, the splendid organization of
the Y. M. C. A.,—and perhaps
when the war is over they will
have become so much interested
in setting up rival establishments
that we shall find K. of C. rooms
in Toyko, Peking, and Hongkong.
Such rooms would be havens for
lonely American Catholics in
Eastern Asia, and might become
centers of considerable influence.
The possibilities are not at all
meagre. Watch!

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IT would be interesting and ap-
pealing to find out how much
American Catholics are contrib-
uting yearly to the cause of for-
eign missions.

When we consider that they
give not less, and probably much
more, than one hundred millions
a year for all kinds of religious
activities, a million or two—and
more, even a tithe—should not
frighten any real Catholic.

As a rule, Catholics are credited
with giving much less than they
really do contribute, the estimate
being generally based upon the re-
port of the Society for the Propa-
gation of the Faith. It is true
that the S. P. F. is the largest
single gathering and contributing
agency for the foreign missions,
but it is not the only one.

Last year the S. P. F. an-
nounced returns at the National
Office as something over \$500,000.
Other gatherings sent directly to
the missions from diocesan mis-
sion offices amounted to at least
\$200,000. Maryknoll and the Vé-
nard represented a foreign mis-
sion offering of \$100,000. The
Holy Childhood Association and
the St. Peter Claver Sodality,
with some minor organizations,

could account for \$100,000 more, —and we are certain that if we could add the large contributions to the Society of the Divine Word and the individual gifts and Mass intentions sent privately by religious societies of men and women, by priest-friends, and by the laity, it would be found that nearly a million dollars is even now being contributed to foreign missions by American Catholics.

All this is hopeful.

* * *
MILL HILL—the English Seminary for Foreign Missions—has buried a strong root in Ireland. This is good news, and certain, because it comes to Maryknoll from the Superior-General of Mill Hill, who writes:

Will you be surprised to learn that we are making a start in Ireland? Like all our beginnings, it is a very small affair indeed. A fortnight ago Fr. Farmer and myself took a run over to the "Green Isle" and while there rented a small house. Early in September, with one priest and a few boys, we shall begin the work. The house is situated in the district called "Ballytruckle," in the south, not a hundred miles from Waterford.

I commend this new foundation to your prayers, together with all our other multitudinous needs.

The Episcopal approval for the Maynooth Mission to China is a fine tribute to the breadth of charity and the sterling faith of the Irish hierarchy.

The letters have been gathered into an attractively printed pamphlet of twenty-four pages and include, besides this memorial presented at the meeting of the Irish Bishops, subsequent approvals from individual Bishops:

The Cardinal, Archbishops, and Bishops of Ireland, assembled in general meeting, have received with much satisfaction a memorial signed by representative priests from several parts of Ireland asking for the approval and blessing of the Bishops on a project of establishing a Mission House or College in Ireland for the training of Irish priests who are prepared to devote their lives to the propagation of the Catholic Faith in China.

The memorialists state a fact which is already widely known, that China presents a fruitful soil for the labors of the missionary priest.

A beginning has been already made with notable success by a few Irish priests who set out a few years ago as missionaries to China. Encouraged by this experience a number of young, zealous Irish priests, the memorialists state, are ready and anxious to give themselves to this apostolic work, and only await the approval and encouragement of the Bishops. But a Mission House or College for the training of those priests in their special work is a first necessity.

The Bishops having given careful consideration to the important memorial, joyfully approve and bless the project, and earnestly commend to the generous help and support of the faithful the establishment of this Mission House for the training of Irish missionaries for China who, in a spirit worthy of our missionary race, offer their lives for the propagation of the Faith in a pagan country.

*MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE,
Chairman.

*ROBERT, Bishop of Cloyne,

*DENIS, Bishop of Ross,
Secretaries.

Ireland is surely fanning into a flame the apostolic spirit that will mean so much for the world and for her own spiritual development in these days of stress and struggle for the goods of earth.

* * *
WE are fast approaching the Old Mother Hubbard stage of our national life.

We may easily fancy that the venerable old lady had at one time a well-stocked cupboard, and while it lasted her dog possibly had the sleekest hair of any dog of fable. But she was nearsighted and had not mastered the lesson of thrift, and the day on which she became an historical personage found her tea chest empty.

The subsequent history of her dog is unknown, but it is very probable he was not troubled later with the gout. It is still more probable that his healthy appetite enjoyed the one bone of his straitened circumstances more than ever before.

Fortunately for us, our near-sightedness is being corrected before it is too late. The World War has opened our eyes to the state of our bread-basket, and

With 35,000 and more names on our lists occasional mistakes are bound to happen, although we are taking special precautions to be accurate.

Of our subscribers we ask that, when writing, they put their full name and address on the letter. The "babies get mixed" rather amusingly sometimes, because we have no way of distinguishing between Mr. Smith of New York City and Mr. Smith of East Wayback.

economy and thrift are now the sentinels that guard the family pay-envelope.

Let us hope that the little pinching that lies before us in trying to make one bone take the place of two will work out well for us, and harden us a little, and keep us a virile nation.

While the spirit of sacrifice is in the atmosphere, and Mr. Hoover, with a name that smacks of Holland, is teaching us economy and self-denial, let us take another lesson from Holland in the matter of the conservation of our religious forces.

Little Holland is practical. She argues that what is good for the goose is good for the gander. And she extends her spirit of self-denial from saving food to saving souls. She realizes the reactive value of a campaign of self-denial, and her fourteen Foreign Mission Seminaries are so many antidotes to the spread of luxury and softness.

Mr. Hoover is convincing us that the cost of high living is excessive, and we have stopped our extravagance in time to breast the tide of depression and scarcity of low-priced food. But the other lesson is quite as important—that virile Catholicity is the result only of restraint and self-denial, and that the sooner our young men and women sacrifice their comfort or their lives for the spreading of their Faith, the more sturdy will be the Church in America.

* * *
We have no paid agents working on a commission basis.

WE read that a Catholic professor of political science in this country has declined an offer of a position as advisor to the Chinese government, and that he rejected the offer because he felt that he would "be able to do more good in America than out of it."

Every man is presumed to know his own business best, but we are convinced that great good can be accomplished by the contact of highly educated Catholic laymen with the rulers of China.

* *

Note Our Method.

OUR present subscription list is 35,000.

Last month we sent out about 1,400 bills: 800 to the laity; 250 to Sisters; and 350 to priests.

This may give a start to our readers but we hasten to say that not a few subscribers to magazines pay only at stated intervals.

From a gratifying proportion we received prompt remittances. The remainder, after waiting for two weeks, we took off our lists. We could have kept them on and their bill would have been higher. Besides we can legally compel payment, but in the interest of all concerned we have adopted the policy of not forcing payment from FIELD AFAR subscribers.

This, then, is our method:

When your subscription expires you will find a red hand stamped on the outside cover.

If you fail to take the hint, we send you one more copy of The Field Afar with a word of reminder.

If we don't hear from you within two weeks, we bill you.

If you don't then make up, we shed a silent tear and take your honored name from our unworthy stacks (as a Japanese might express it).

COME UP—then, early, and you will save our patient Tere-sians labor and our Society money.



Mary Immaculate, Mother and Queen of the Apostles, pray for us.

A Student's Prayer.

MY God, to work for Thee in lands
Whose gods are idols made of
clay,

I offer Thee myself; do Thou
Support and keep me in Thy way.

Teach me to look for no reward
Outside of Thee, and strengthen
Thou

My soul to falter not a step
While now I firmly grasp Thy plow.

And if the field Thou givest me
Be hard and dry and choked with
weed,

I trust that Thou wilt cheer me on
And walk beside me, sowing seed.

That Thou be known by all, I ask;
To make Thee better known, my
cry;

And if my blood will aid Thy Cause,
Oh! take it, Lord, 'tis joy to die.

Maryknoll, 1917.

The Waiting Welcome.

THE following letter reached the Superior of Maryknoll shortly before his departure for the Far East. The Brothers of Mary will be one of his objectives wherever he goes, because their success has been pronounced in the mission fields and their interest in Maryknoll has been constant.

I look forward with anticipated pleasure to the moment when you shall be in our midst. Should you pass

through Honolulu, do not fail to visit the St. Louis College of that city. We have there a school of some seven hundred boys. Just now one of our Yokohama faculty is going there and I shall let him know that you may stop on your way to Japan.

Fr. Walsh will have left San Francisco by the time this issue reaches our readers. His itinerary, so far as he could foresee it, is:

Honolulu, Yokohama, Tokyo, Sendai, Osaka, Nagasaki, Taikou, Seoul, Peking, Tientsin, Sywantze, Hankow, Shanghai, Ning-po, Hongkong, Canton, Lang-Son.

He will find a welcome from many bishops and priests with whom he has been in correspondence for a period covering fourteen years. From some recent letters we quote:

Your note gives me very great pleasure. We shall have the joy of seeing you in September. How glad good Bishop Chatron would have been to greet you. Alas! God has not willed it!

I have just received your kind word and exclaimed, "Hurrah for Fr. Walsh!" May God bless you for the good thought of coming to see for yourself! Be sure I shall try to welcome you on board ship when you arrive.

Your very welcome letter has brought us real joy. Your expected journey to China, to prepare the way for your young missionaries, will mean the beginning of a new era for this poor pagan land. We shall indeed pray that God may guide you to where souls are in the greatest need—and such districts are very numerous!

Fr. Fraser was passing through Chusan on his way to Ning-po the day your letter arrived. He was overjoyed at the news and will write to you to make sure that Taichowfu is on the program of your trip. You can take Chusan in, too, for we are but twenty hours from Shanghai in the coasting steamers.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.

Note Well.

THE Senior Sodality of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, has a Mission Section which promises well for 1917-1918.

This is the kind of friend that every priest needs:

May God bless you; and while you are trying to save souls I am going to pray that you may never lose your own.

A college professor in England gave a lecture on Blessed Théophane Vénard, which so delighted his audience that he was asked to put it into pamphlet form. This is being done.

"Would you take a Liberty Bond in part payment towards a burse?"

Imagine such a question! *Would we?* Try us while the idea is in your mind—and if you need the interest money, we will let you have it regularly.

Out in Cincinnati Notre Dame nuns have been interesting their charges in the purchase and support of abandoned infants in China. One little girl received a set-back when her innocent mother, noting the child's enthusiasm, said rather sharply:

"Don't bring any Chinese baby home here! I have enough to take care of now."

We hope that the advancing years will bring to us good paintings, engravings, or photographs, and we are planning for their proper places in the greater buildings yet to come. Recently there came from Pittsburgh a crayon copy of Hans Holbein's *William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury* (1450-1532). It is an interesting and welcome gift.

Bernadette of Lourdes

The only complete account of her life ever published.

Translated by J. H. Gregory.

Price—One Dollar, Postpaid

Special rates for quantities to the Reverend Clergy and all Religious.

For sale at Maryknoll.

Another Boston priest, the late Rev. Garrett J. Barry, has kindly remembered Maryknoll in his will. This is the third such remembrance from Boston priests whose wills were probated in the past few months. Fr. Barry's will includes this provision:

To the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary, located at Ossining, New York, I will, devise, and bequeath the sum of five hundred (\$500.00) dollars.

To Maryknoll by Auto was the title of a four-column article written by the gifted Editor of the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Connecticut, and inserted in the editorial columns.

It goes without saying that the article was pleasing to all here, and we know that it pleased hundreds who read both *THE FIELD AFAR* and the *Transcript*. Better than pleasing, it will do much good and will stimulate the interest of other Catholic editors.

If we could afford the expense we should be inclined to send out to all our missionary subscribers—some hundreds—copies of the Maryknoll publications as they appear. Many evidences, such as the following, incline us to do so:

A few days ago I received the *Modern Martyr*. My sincerest thanks for it. You can hardly understand the favor you have done me. When I am distressed I read that book, and after a few pages I begin to feel that, after all, missionaries have gone before us who suffered more in a few months than I shall ever suffer in all my missionary life. In a word, the book gives strength, and that is what we need much at times.

If your wish, without much expense and with few characters, to stage an attractive little martyr-play, we suggest *A Lily of the Snow* (scenes from the life of St. Eulalia, of Merida, Spain) by F. A. Forbes.

A small company of fairly young children presented, this piece not long ago at Maryknoll, for the edification of our Tere-sians. Their acting, we under-

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ALASKA.

(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price, 50 Cents Postage Extra

A MODERN MARTYR BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉNARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS

241 Pages. 15 Illustrations.
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(160 Pages - 17 Illustrations)

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(170 Pages - 16 Illustrations)

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WITH CHRIST IN CHINA

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuade, Ph.D.,
Rector of the Sacred Heart Church,
San Francisco.

Price - - - - One Dollar
(Special reduction to the Clergy
and Religious)

The books mentioned above may be secured by applying to The Field Afar or any Catholic Book Store.



stand, was unusually good, and the stage management very efficient. The play was simple and instructive, leaving the impression that it should be better known.

"To preach the Gospel to 'all nations,' to 'every creature,' was the solemn command of the Church's Divine Founder. Although this precept is addressed to the Church in general it is of obligation for each one of its individual members. All Catholics are bound in conscience to contribute, in one way or another, to help bring in all the races of the world—all of their children of God—into the fold of Christ. Some, as, for instance, priests and nuns, do it in a personal, direct, and effectual manner. Others co-operate by swelling the alms that are indispensable to the upkeep and development of Missions."

(Archbishop Ireland, St. Paul.)

A MID-SUMMER TRAMP FROM MARYKNOLL



SOME solicitous inquiries came last month for the two tramp students who "Jeffed" and "Mutted" from Ossining to Portland, Maine, for their summer holiday.

They left Maryknoll without purse, but with a bag of food and capacious pockets. They carried also a letter from the police. News of the travellers reached Maryknoll occasionally, from one source or another. The first bulletin came from the Rev. Dr. Phelan, pastor of Brewster, N. Y., and Professor of History "chez nous"—which means "at our place."

Your two tramps took supper with me tonight but I could not prevail on them to stay over. They are now somewhere in some place.

Then from the "Hub of the



"They carried also a letter from the police."

Universe," the "Athens of America," or "Beansville," as you will, came, at length and in length, this descriptive letter, in which we feel our readers will be interested:

The good lady who gave us these khaki suits ought to see them now, after being used these last eleven days as traveling suits, nightgowns, dinner duds, and perspiration absorbers. It was "Boston or bust!" Well, we ar-

rived this morning at seven, and are still "busted."

When you said goodbye to us, with the cameras clicking all around, we were carrying forty pounds apiece, which solicitous brothers had loaded upon us,—shoes, shirts, weather-beaten kodaks with offers of free film development, ten pounds of Teresian cookies, your blessed pedometer, and the \$1.40 collection that the Knollers took up for us, together with the "extras" you added for possible *return carfare*. The last is about all of the whole baggage train that we haven't sent back to you since by parcel post.

At Somers we found guide-posts contradicting themselves on the self-same cross-roads. We said our beads and some litanies and then found a mossy spot and lay there in the shade, mending blisters and watching the tar melt on the road and run into the gutters. A brooklet in the woods behind invited us to an improvised shower-bath—those milk-cans we carried were used to eat and drink from, to cook in, to carry soap, towel, and razor, and to provide shower-baths at wayside rivulets.

Then again the foot-sore road to Brewster; our first indoor meal at Rev. Dr. Phelan's; purchases of candles and "footease;" and a midnight Christmas-tree scene in the woods across the Connecticut border—our hammocks strung up by the light of Brewster candles stuck on the branches.

Danbury saw us trudging in with the rising sun; Newtown furnished the mosquitoes and other conveniences for a second day nap in the woods. We had supper that night at Fr. Synott's, with his curate to watch for silverware disappearance. (Fr. Cotter at Danbury had been similarly good to us in the morning.)

That night—the memorable stormy one of the 14th and 15th—we walked in the downpour, dodging the lightning bolts, as far as Woodbury. There we thought we'd use our \$1.40 for shelter at the Curtis House, but 'twas no use. One of us thinks he saw the night clerk hiding behind a sugar barrel and a man in pajamas peeping tim-

idly out of a crack in the door. The other says he used the burglar alarms without any effect whatever on the slumberers within.

Well, we walked on to Waterbury, where our friends dried us exteriorly and filled us interiorly, so that after a royal welcome as a climax from Frs. Teulings and Ryan we found courage to walk all night again to Southington, where we ate a handout on the curbstone, with one eye on an Ingersoll watch in view of reaching church for Mass in the morning.

Two curious and babbling masculine characters, rather alcoholic, swayed along to the lamp-post behind us, looking for information as to their own whereabouts as well as our destination. They confided that they had great sympathy for us, because they were under the necessity of "walking off a jag" before they could pick their way home. We advised them to walk 'til morning.

We ourselves passed from the glare of the village gas-jets and found lodging 3 miles further on, between a peanut roaster and a pop-corn exploder, in a shed beside a bomb-proof candy store at a cross roads called "Lazy Lane." There we had wakeful snoozes on an ice cream counter and on a box which, we discovered by daylight, was filled with ice cream freezers packed for business.

The morning sun rose gloriously over New Britain, our Promised Land, at 5:30 A. M. It was a real Paradise scene, and in the famous words of the Anabasis, "Entautha emainen treis hemeras," as a matter of filial obedience.

Three nights later anyone dropping into the Hartford station at 1:30 A. M. might have seen some eighteen tramps stretched snoring on the benches. Two of them were ourselves. An officer arrived—and we were among those who made a hurried exit by the side door at the psychological moment. We finished our sleep behind a "keep-off-the-grass" sign near Windsor.

Twice again we hung our hammock on the Connecticut River banks, and though a shower awakened us, we ended by a delightful swim in the

stream. Supper was at Thompsonville, on the steps of the leading hardware store, with a large and curious audience which notified Fr. Downey (visiting there) of our subsequent departure toward Boston. He asked automobilists to stop us. It was after 10 P. M. but he secured an auto and chased us up with cigars to last for a week. We slept that night on the floor of what looked like a harmless waiting station. In the morning we found it was close to a fashionable front porch and we made fast tracks down the road to a bandstand in a park outside Springfield, which was more public but not so private.

Fr. Martin entertained us on the porch of the Cathedral Rectory. A good woman on the way to Ludlow furnished sandwiches and onions. A boat and swim at a little pondlet and a long grind to Palmer followed that day; and we had for supper one dry loaf of bread between us, sitting on some logs. It was disconsolate, lugubrious, gloomy and awful, and it looked like rain before morning. We slept on the bare ground, after a tramp until midnight and a vain search in the dark in somebody's potato field for a better place to camp.

We were up again at 3:30 and on to Warren before daylight, grumpy and sore at each other and the world. We used our hammocks for the last time in the woods in Brookfield. A thunder shower disturbed us somewhat but we were refreshed anyway, and sent all excess baggage by parcels post to a place we had almost forgotten, known as *Maryknoll*. It was our last communication with headquarters.

The organist of the church in Spencer gave us some supper and we learned he was a friend of a cousin of one of our Teresians. That night, at 12 P. M. a fine, modern, first-class, elegant and respectable hotel in Worcester consented to do \$2.50 worth of business with us—in advance. Fr. Keating, at St. Paul's, entertained us in the morning and bravely offered to take us out for a hotel dinner. We think he was temporarily unbalanced by the joy of meeting Maryknollers and are glad for the sake of his Worcester reputation that we did not accept.

Yesterday afternoon we started, hatless and hammockless, for Boston. One of our hats had lost its brim from sheer weight away back in Brewster, and the other looked better in the pocket than on the head anyway, so when we found one solitary Worcester hat store open on that broiling Sunday afternoon, and that solitary store selling nothing but 15-cent straw

hats, we thanked Divine Providence and bought two.

A Worcester suburbanite gave us—a drink of water. Another lady failed to take a gentle front-door hint that we would like some crackers and sandwiches to eat. We passed on. The evening darkened apace and so did our prospects. But we had a swim in a forbidden roadside pool near Fayville, hiding behind the bank whenever an auto headlight came along to dispel the friendly shadows.

It was almost 9:30 P. M. when we ate supper with some soldiers in Framingham. They invited us to spend the rest of the night in camp but we pushed on to Natick and sat down on a sidewalk seat and gazed into a furniture store window filled with brass beds, hair mattresses and soft pillows. There were excited remarks made about the police department at this spectacle. The proposition to remove the moving picture billboard to a dark alley to sleep on was lost on a tie vote.

It was midnight. We passed on to the park—well lighted and peopled even at that hour—but there were empty benches, and we leave you to guess which one of us grabbed a 150-pound bench and carried it off before the face and eyes of the assembled Natickians to a shady spot across the green beside a twin bench that was waiting there, all to the accompaniment of a vehement minority report dealing mostly with prudence, policy, police, and public decency. All to no purpose. The majority number went to sleep laughing and the minority member dozed off trembling, and the lights in the park went out and there was silence for the space of two hours—and then two minions of the law stole upon us with flashlights and billies and revolvers. They beat us into consciousness (not unconsciousness) and—we have not the heart to tell you more just now, dear Father.

Our last legal repose was in the shade of a country school-house 'way back in Worcester county. We came down Beacon Street to the Boston Town Line at 8 o'clock this morning—the last mile in 2 hrs. 47 min.

Miles walked, about.....	237
No. of days on road.....	7½
No. of days resting.....	2½
No. of Masses missed, each.....	1
No. of communions missed, each	2
No. auto rides refused.....	27
No. of auto rides accepted.....	1*
No. of 5 c. electric rides taken..	1*
No. of indoor lodgings declined	6

We start for Maine tonight and hope to find friends there.

Hopefully and wearily,

THE HIKERS.

*In order to reach a church for Mass.

NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred.

Two other Maryknoll students also did some tramping during their few weeks of vacation. They left without impedimenta and looked so respectable that they were invited to motor much of the way to their destination, which was the Vénard School.



OUT of the mail bag, after long voyages, have lately arrived the following:

AFRICA—Letter, Fr. Kerkhaff, Nagalama; letter and promise of Mass, Fr. Damen, Nyondo.

CHINA—Letters, Bp. Henninghaus, Shantung, Fr. Morel, Juichowfu; letter and promise of two Masses, Bp. Otto, Kansu, Fr. Bengoa, Hankow; cancelled stamps, Fr. Robert, Hongkong; photographs, Fr. Fraser, Tai-chowfu.

INDO-CHINA—Letter, Fr. Cothony, Tong-king.

JAPAN—Letters from Bp. Berlioz, Sendai; Bp. Combaz, Nagasaki; Fr. Roussel, Tokio; Fr. Lemarie, Yatsushiro.

KOREA—Letter from Bp. Mutel, Seoul.

To our Missioners:

If *The Field Afar* does not get to you in the future the failure may be traced to one of three reasons:

- (a) the mail service,
- (b) your omission to promise our work the benefit of a Mass said for it,
- (c) because no one has been found to make up for the omission by securing a subscription for you.

Nuns in the mission field will probably be glad to note this:

I am wondering if it would be possible to help our nuns in foreign lands by disposing of native handiwork for them. I know a woman who was at one time a missionary—non-Catholic

—in China, and who now gets tatting made by the girls in the missionary schools there and sells it here. Could not we help our Catholic missionaries in a similar way? Can you refer me to any one to whom I may write in regard to this matter? If I can be of help I shall be very glad.

THE DECIMATED ARMY.

The foreign mission army of the Catholic Church has doubtless suffered losses, especially of men, far greater than those sustained by the Protestant denominations. Frequent evidences of this fact come from the field:

Our mission is being severely tried. Since October we have lost three missionaries, and there is no hope of getting any from Paris to replace them. Our Seminary in the Rue du Bac has only twelve aspirants, some of whom are very young. You see how woefully necessary your American Seminary will prove to be. May God bless and prosper the good work. (Archbishop Cardot, Rangoon.)

Only a few days ago our mission received an awful blow. By order of the Government all my best young men—453 in number—had to go off with the Carrier Corps. I would this war were over; it is the cause of no aid coming to our missions and now of the flower of my flock being taken away. But, "Voluntas Dei fiat." Thank God, we have still over 1,000 to instruct daily. (Fr. Arnold Witlox, Kakamega, B. E. A.)

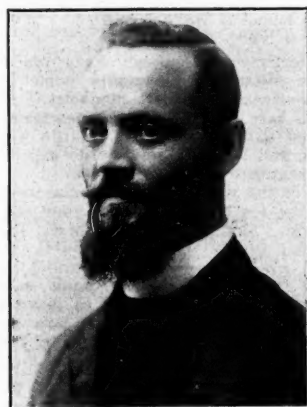
All the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters,—and the Bishop as well,—of Dar es Salaam Vicariate, will have to leave this mission and will be sent to India or Germany. They are all German Benedictines. The German Fathers and religious of all the neighboring missions will also be sent away.

Isn't it a terrible blow to all those missions to be left without priests? I have been asked for priests to take over some missions until the matter shall be settled by Rome. But what can I do? I should only have to close my own missions in order to be able to help others.

Bp. Biermans, Uganda, B. E. A.

I can do so little with my small band of missionaries, debilitated by the climate and over-worked! It is a pity—this cursed war is the cause of it all! I cannot get any more priests from France and all the rivulets of charity are dried up. Poor Missions of the Catholic Church—suffering so much now, and why? Because some men, mad with ambition and pride, have

dared to light the awful conflagration which is destroying billions of money and so many young men who would have given their lives to the missions. (Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.)



FR. JOHN CHABLOZ, S.J.,
Missioner to Shanghai.

Fr. Chabloz has sailed from San Francisco with the Maryknoll Superior.

AMERICAN MISSIONERS NEEDED.

From many portions of the foreign mission field, especially since the world-war began, the call has come, distinct and loud, for priests from America to recruit the thinned ranks and to hearten the valiant army at the front. Here are some recent letters:

It is wonderful how the Chinese love America. They will receive you and your apostles with open arms when you come here. I am delighted that your little corner of the field afar is soon to be decided on. (Fr. O'Reilly, Hu-Chow.)

I am looking forward to the departure of your first band for the missions. If Borneo only lay in their path what a reception we would give your young missionaries! I would get a lot of our head-hunters down from the mountains, to entertain them with the spirited war dances. (Fr. Dunn, Kuching.)

My delay is due to an extra long visit to the various districts of our parish. During the last three months I have spent little more than one week at headquarters, and even now cannot remain here more than three or four days at the most. This will let you see how badly off we are for priests. So hurry up and send on some of your men—they can't come too soon. (Fr. McArdle, Hu-Chow.)

TO TRAIN AN APOSTLE.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship for the Seminary at Maryknoll or for our Apostolic School, see page 142.

We may easily predict that when peace returns, the recruiting of missionaries in Catholic Europe will have greatly fallen off. It will be necessary for America to make up for this scarcity of apostolic workers. Maryknoll will not be able to send many at first, but we must believe that Providence will in time send the desired increase. You will have had the trouble, Reverend Father. God will give you also to see the increase, which will be your best recompense here below. May He grant you the temporal means to carry on the work, and bestow on you and all who share in it special graces. (Fr. Roussel, Tokyo.)

CHINA.

Bishop Wittner of East Shantung announced to us the death of Fr. Wilfred Hallam, O.F.M., a frequent correspondent of this paper and one of the few English-speaking missionaries in all China. We ask prayers for Fr. Hallam's soul.

A well-known English Sister of Charity, who has been in China a score of years, writes:

I hear from Fr. Buch that he has received from Maryknoll for me two very welcome gifts—\$14 and \$10. My very warmest thanks for both. I beg of you to tell the donors how deeply grateful we are for their assistance. Their intentions shall be carefully carried out and my babies shall pray daily for them and theirs.

SR. XAVIER.

THE FIELD AFAR is a bracing tonic. In downcast moments a glance at those pages cheers one on.

The four Canadian Sisters who left Montreal last April arrived safely in Canton, China.

Two of these went to a large home for abandoned children. This institution was under pagan supervision until January last, when its direction was trans-

ferred to the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception. It receives annually more than 5,000 foundlings, who, picked up in the gutters and byways of the city, arrive in a condition the most inhuman and repulsive. These infants are purchased by the Sisters at the price demanded by the gatherers, and are baptized. Some pass at once to a better world, others live to share in the shelter of their new home the blessings which the true Faith alone will give them.

The other two Sisters were sent to Shek-Lung, where they will devote themselves to the leper colony founded by the late Fr. Conrardy and confided to this Community's care in 1913. The foundation at Shek-Lung may justly be considered an American institution, since it was by means of the alms solicited in the United States and Canada alone that the heroic apostle of the lepers purchased the island and began there the establishment of his work of mercy for this sorely-afflicted portion of humanity.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Some of our readers will recall an article which appeared some months ago in THE FIELD AFAR under the title, "A Young Missioner's First Mass in the Tyrol." The subject of the article was alluded to as *Fr. Karl*, but his real name is Joseph Hinterhuber. THE FIELD AFAR has given him hope and he writes from the Philippines:

I really did enjoy my "First Mass," which appeared in the September FIELD AFAR. I am astonished that you remembered it so well and thank you most heartily for putting the article in your paper. I often think of those happy days in Bruneck.

At present your *Fr. Karl* is very anxious to get a school on its feet. You see we absolutely must try here to get English schools, otherwise we cannot hope to do anything permanent among the Filipinos. If just one reader would take interest in me I should be most glad to write a whole series of, interesting items about my mission. I am sorry I am not a poet

like the Rogans, otherwise I might have more luck. I am only a poor *Germ-Hun*, who is forgotten by the whole world. *Fr. Karl* is living in a poor mission where his house is a native shack, but that does not matter, the school is what is needed.

Perhaps some FIELD AFAR readers are willing to part with some old magazines or other readables. My boys here often ask me for newspapers when they have learned a little English, and I have absolutely no paper at present but THE FIELD AFAR.

For the year of 1917 you may count on me for two Masses for your noble work. (Fr. José Hinterhuber, Barbaza.)

If you have in the bank some money which you intend to leave to us, why not let us have it now and give you ample interest during your lifetime?

AFRICA.

Fr. Kerkhaff in Uganda must be hungry. He tells us that he has had to eat his own words. He has been rounding up his mission and found the chapels dilapidated. The natives reminded him of his former promise to repair them "after the war" and they cannot understand why it is not now "after the war."

Mother Paul is another who went from Maryknoll through the submarine peril to England. And now she writes:

Are you not rejoicing with me that after so many delays our four Franciscans for Uganda are now on their way there? It is not too soon, for word has come to us of dear Mother Capistran's hopeless illness.

This is a fine ship and the captain is praised by all his crew. We expect some delay when we change ships later, but please God we shall in time reach our port safely.

Since my happy visit to Maryknoll you have lost one of the dear Sisters. Not lost really, for she has only gone before to plead for your great work at the feet of God. It is not every work that is favored by having one of its members so chosen. Hers is a happy call. May she rest in peace.

Please remember us in your prayers and get prayers for us. We hope to write soon of Uganda. Sr. Mary Camilla of St. Patrick's Parish, Roxbury, sends her best regards. We are very happy together. My other companions are Sr. Amata of Paris, France, and Sr. Josephine of Dublin.

Mite-Box gatherings brought us last year one thousand dollars, enough to provide for four students. We are believers in the 'little-from-the-many' idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

INDIA.

Fr. Baker of Madras had, to our knowledge, a musical ear before he left Holland, and seems not to have lost this gift. He writes:

If you ever meet a man from India who is pessimistic put it down for a fact that he has no appreciation of music, as it is rendered here. If I had a phonograph and some records I should forward to you by next mail a Tamil hymn to Our Lady, *Tayea Arull Stramayea*. You never heard the like. When I fall into the dumps I sing it to myself and experience a soothing effect almost immediately.

To some prayerful and purseless friend we commend a special interest in this request from Fr. Schipper, of Alur, India:

May I ask you to induce some pious persons to pray for the conversion of a heathen of high standing here? He is very well-disposed and knows everything about our holy religion, but does not dare to embrace it for fear of being made an outcast by his wife and friends. I feel perfectly sure that at least half this village would be converted if only the man in question would take the first step.

At present we do not know the address of Fr. Gavan-Duffy. He is still "somewhere in the United States," and when we last heard from him he was planning to return to India early in 1918. Fr. Duffy spent several months at Maryknoll during the scholastic year of 1915-1916.

As we write we find a letter from Fr. Duffy's ecclesiastical superior, Archbishop Morel:

Yesterday the thermometer registered 115 degrees inside my room, with doors and windows closed to keep out the heat. I wonder that I did not melt away completely—at least I made a beginning that way. If only divine love were burning so in my soul! Pray for me.

The Juggler.

(A Tale of the Boxer Persecution.)



SOLITARY figure, travel-stained and stooped beneath the weight of a heavy pack, made his way slowly through the narrow streets of a Chinese village.

It was mid-summer. For days the sun had shone without mercy, and neither gentle rain nor soft evening breeze had come to soothe the congested stricken district. Even the houses, closely huddled, were cooler than the burning streets and the little world of Woo-Sing had taken refuge within.

As the traveller entered a street, which, though narrower and dirtier than any he had yet traversed, bore the name of "Street of a Million Gifts," he set down his pack, stretched his weary body luxuriously, and took off the large bamboo hat which had sheltered him all day from the sun.

Then he opened his pack and took from it a brightly colored cloak and gaudy cap, which he donned at once; and finally he filled his pockets to overflowing with odds and ends from everywhere. All weariness seemed to have left him. Smilingly he drew from the folds of his cloak a long reed pipe, and a moment later the silent street was flooded with the peculiar plaintive notes of the juggler's call:

*Come one, come all,
At the juggler's call,
Come! Come! Come!
Fun for the wee folk,
Laughter for the old,
Come one, come all
At the juggler's call,
Come! Come! Come!*

Familiar to every Chinese boy and girl, it was as irresistible as the Pied Piper's bewitching tunes, and from every doorway came cries of joy from the little ones who, unmindful of the parching atmosphere, rushed out to wel-

come home their beloved Juggler. And though they shouted to him and clung to him and felt of the mysterious bulging pockets, the Juggler held his head high and piped his tune. It was only when the last of the flock—little crippled Sin-Lee—hobbled into the circle, that he put aside his pipe and tried to answer the questions of his friends, from whom he had been absent more than eight long months.

What a happy reunion it was! And what a pretty sight! The poor, sordid houses, flanking the dirty narrow street, set off the gaily dressed Juggler, surrounded by merry boys and girls, their long braids dangling, and their brown eyes gleaming as they danced about him.

Soon came the demand for tricks, and, as if he were juggling for royal patrons, this friend of little children performed marvellous feats which held them spell-bound or called forth delicious childish laughter.

A few ambitious little fellows tried to imitate him, which caused further merriment, especially when the Juggler called out to Wa-tou, nicknamed "the Greedy-One," "Fat boys never make clever tricksters."

Then at last somebody begged for a story, but the Juggler pleaded his weariness from the long journey, and after distributing the treasures from his pockets promised to meet them the next evening to tell them of his travels.

Small wonder that he was the idol of the Street of a Million Gifts!

The sun was setting when the Juggler went to keep his tryst. His comrades, except the few who straggled along with him, were awaiting his arrival, gathered in picturesque groups in the shadow of a long deserted and ruined temple.

The Juggler was soon in the midst of his tales and eager ears

drank in the delightful experiences in the great cities, in the palaces of the rich and powerful (for they too, must be amused), and in the small towns through which he had wandered. It was like a trip through fairy-land, and it was Wa-tou, the Greedy One, with ferret-like eyes who broke the enchanter's spell.

"Didn't you see any Christians? My father did. He saw five of them get their heads cut off because they wouldn't stamp on the Cross. If I'd been the mandarin, I'd have tortured them first. I shall help hunt them down when I am big."

Had the Juggler's face really changed, or was it only the deepening shadows that made it suddenly seem so pale and drawn? He gazed silently and intently for a moment on the young boy's cruel face and then said slowly and sadly:

"Yes, Wa-tou, I believe you will hunt down Christians, and that before you are a grown man."

Wa-tou felt the gentle reproach,



"This friend of little children performed marvellous feats which held them spell-bound."

and his cheeks flamed with anger, but before he could retort the Juggler had turned to his audience and was saying:

"I, too, saw those Christians die for their Faith. They were fine fellows, young, brave and happy, and they sang hymns of praise as they awaited their end.

"My heart was touched and I begged the guards to let me juggle for them, and they would not. But I got close enough to one of them, a priest, to ask how they could be happy when they were so soon to suffer death.

"There was only a moment, but he said, 'We are happy because we are dying for love of Christ, Whom we shall soon see face to face, and with Whom we shall be happy for ever and ever. He is the Divine Friend of all. Go and seek Him. He is calling you.'

"Then the executioner interfered, and shortly after, the Christians were dead.

"So I went on my way with the words, 'Go and seek Him. He is calling you,' ringing in my ears. And I did seek Him, my little ones, and I found Him."

As he spoke the Juggler's face seemed glorified, and the children, all but Wa-tou, sat mute and wondering, not understanding what was meant. With diabolic intuition Wa-tou knew, and overjoyed at so unexpected and summary a chance for revenge, he rose, shouting scornfully, "You are a Christian, too!" Then turning quickly he fled in the direction of the village.

The realization that their beloved Juggler was perhaps a Christian, which meant almost certain death in those troublous days, gradually dawned on the others. While some, fearful, held back, others rushed to twine loving arms about his neck, or thrust loyal trusting little hands into his, and all, through tears, besought him to say 'he was not a Christian and to stay with them.

When the storm of grief was over and the little folk were anxiously listening, the Juggler spoke:

"I cannot take back what I have said, for I am a Christian. A price has already been set upon

my head, so do not blame Wa-tou. He is only hastening the desired end, my union with Christ in Heaven. Even if Wa-tou had not spoken, I would have told you this. It is why I came here yesterday, for death cannot be far off, and I could not bear to leave you forever without sharing with you my priceless treasure."

Then he told them briefly the story of the Redemption; how sad Heaven was over the sins of men; how the Son of God had come to earth in the form of a lovely Babe born in a stable, to save them; how Mary and Joseph had watched over His childhood; how much He loved little children, the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, and how He had blessed and comforted and healed them; how patiently and meekly He had suffered His dreadful passion and death because He loved each and every one of them; and finally, how He had risen gloriously and gone back to His Father in Heaven, where He is waiting to receive all who love Him.

"It is He that I love, and for Whom it will be sweet to die," he ended. "He is calling each of you, too, but you do not yet know His voice. Many of you will hear Him and follow me, and we shall meet in Paradise."

As the Juggler finished, the little Judas brought his followers to the spot and the new Christian blessing his sobbing little friends, suffered himself to be led away, even as Christ had been, to torture and death.—*A Teresian of Maryknoll.*

Three thousand dollars have been already received from the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion towards its Burse at Maryknoll.

WANTED.

A young Catholic American woman who has been teaching advanced French in a High School wishes a position as teacher of French or English, or both, in a Catholic Day or Boarding School. Address: The Field Afar, Ossining, N. Y.

Waiting to Enter.

SOME keen eyes in Pennsylvania discovered an opportunity suggested in our July issue and enabled us to start a *Children of Mary* Burse. Eight other burses are waiting at present to reach the hundred-dollar mark and thus enter for the longer or shorter run to \$5,000. The title and amount already secured for each are given below:

<i>Joan of Arc</i> Burse	\$73.00
<i>Our Lady of Victory</i> Burse ..	68.00
<i>Gemma Galgani</i> Burse ..	37.00
<i>St. Aloysius</i> Burse	31.25
<i>Holy Name</i> Burse	28.00
<i>St. Paul</i> Burse	22.25
<i>Immaculate Conception</i> Burse	20.00
<i>St. Peter</i> Burse	15.92

A priest friend has requested us to start a *Bernadette of Lourdes* Burse. He is poor and cannot give the hundred dollars required to place a Maryknoll burse on the regular list but he has sent ten dollars in the hope that some of Bernadette's many friends will enable him to realize his desire.

Martha! Martha!

TO St. Martha will be dedicated our new laundry, a sightly building of stone taken from the old walls of Maryknoll and cemented to stand for generations. The work has already been begun and negotiations are in progress for the equipment. We plan for future as well as present needs and the cost of St. Martha's—house and contents—will approximate \$5,000.

Does it appeal to any reader to establish this building as a memorial? If so, we will place on its walls a tablet in enduring metal, requesting those who labor there to offer frequently their consecrated service and earnest prayers for the benefactors' intention.

If not, we shall ask a multitude of *Marthas* to help us to pay for it.

Registered at the Knoll.



MARYKNOLL is ordinarily a quiet spot, but this past summer there were disturbances of an unusual kind.

A long-promised state road was laid in splendor along our boundary wall and there was blasting enough at times to make one feel as if home were in the trenches. We are happy now as the proud abutters of a road that is worth its weight in rocks and tar.

Other noises come and go (with no reflection on our visitors). An ordinary summer noise is the thunderous discharge of dynamite six or seven miles across the Hudson, where noble cliffs are being stripped to supply the highways of New York State with broken stone. This disturbance, which takes place twice a day, gives every visitor who hears it a shock of surprise—and makes him wonder if the Germans have landed.

Then there is the occasional thunder storm, the kind that has made the Hudson River famous in song and story,—marvellous displays that would thrill if they did not frighten the average mortal quite so much. But then—we have lightning rods that are guaranteed to divert electric flashes from our precious though frail dwellings at Maryknoll.

No, they were not put up by the "Senator." Do you know the "Senator?"

To the clergy and unsuspecting Sisters who contemplate equipping buildings with lightning rods we whisper: "Insist on a contract—and if it is with the 'Senator,' who 'gives the labor

for nothing and asks you to pay only for the material' write to a few of his intimate (?) friends. (Our readers will please forgive this digression.)

Speaking still of noises, we did have one from Boston sometime ago. He breezed in on a fair day to inspect our compound, and we could not get him out for a week; not, in fact, until his vacation had ended. At Maryknoll, he laughed (with a broad 'ah!'); he talked; he sang; he snored;—and we have not yet recovered from the hush that followed his departure.

He insisted on occupying the "bishop's room"—so called because it is larger than most of the closets in which we have placed beds—and it was only on the arrival of a real Bishop from Central Mongolia that he could be persuaded to move on.

We don't like to embarrass our visitors. We are quite satisfied to rob them while they are here, without publishing their names broadcast, but we are really getting to a point where we feel as if "all roads lead to Maryknoll." *Sister Field Afar* recently left on our desk a list of "Visitors during the Month," with the thoughtful suggestion that our readers might like to know "who's who" among the many.

There was a bishop from Central Mongolia; there were a score of priests from along the American line; there were nuns; and those others who were not bishops, nor priests, nor nuns, but none the less welcome.

The register mentions Canada, Cuba, and China, but the United States claims most of our visitors. Boston was the farthest point east, and St. Paul the farthest west. Distance means less and less to all who dwell at Maryknoll.

Out of and into the submarine zone have come or gone no fewer

than six recent Maryknoll guests. All were priests, one a bishop. One priest sailed on the *Philadelphia* from New York, bound for Holland by way of England. We should judge from his letter, and from a look at his letter of credit (*sic*), that he is still in England, from which country he writes to us:

The *Philadelphia* arrived safely at Liverpool. It carried thirteen passengers in all; three third class, four second class, and six first class. She was well armed, with two pieces of cannon fore and two aft; and a jolly good job it was, for we had an exciting time of it the last two days of the voyage.

On Tuesday the naval guards—of whom there were twenty-six—were ready four times to fire upon submarines. I myself actually saw the periscope of one of them quite close to the steamer. Whether we were going too fast, or whether they saw that our steamer was well-armed, we do not know, but at any rate they disappeared without troubling us. That night we were awakened about three o'clock by the reports of the two port-side guns, which were blazing away at a submarine. Whether they hit her or not we are unable to say, but luckily she did not hit us.

The steamer from Tilbury to Flushing sails very irregularly and charges fancy prices—250 gulden, if you please, or \$100. I think I'll pitch my tent in old Albion for the time being.



WHEN THE APPLES ARE RIPE—
FOR THE CANS.

Departures are the order of the day here.

The Reverend Director of the Vénard has left for Clark's Green, and two of our priests, the latest ordained, have "flown the coop" to help him in his work. Fr. Price, too, has turned his face westward for a Fall campaign, and arrangements are in progress that may mean a long jump for one more of the priests at Maryknoll.

Then over at St. Teresa's there has been a parting that wrenched the heart-fibres of our faithful women. Sr. Mary Ruth, who for some time past has been mothering and sistering the Teresians, was assigned in August to an important post at the Mother House of the Dominican Sisters in Sinsinawa (don't try to pronounce it), Wisconsin.

Finally, Maryknoll's Father and Head-Servant has taken a flight across the country to San Francisco, and just about the time that this copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* arrives (September 15,) he will be setting sail on the *Tenyo Maru* for the Far East. He plans to visit Honolulu, Japan, Korea, China, Central Mongolia, Tongking, and possibly the Philippines.

"A poor time to travel," you will say. Yes, but the Pacific Ocean seems to be quite safe and one never knows when China is ready for visitors; and, besides, the family is getting large, the "boys" are sharpening their scythes for the harvest in fields afar, and the "father" must find the outlet for their holy ambitions.

He left word to have the readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* keep him often in their prayers, and he promised, in return, to do likewise for them. His journeyings will, of course, be recorded in these pages.

Six hundred Masses are offered yearly for our Associate members, living or dead. Every subscriber to *The Field Afar* will be henceforward a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll.

Brither Sandy.

His haert 's na in the Hielands,
'T is here at Maryknoll,
Tho' he 's lonely when the heather 's
i' the bloom;
He 's a verra canny chappy
But he 's ever hale and happy,
An' he'll bide wi' us until the crack
o' doom.

Tho' he 's far awa' frae Glesga'
An' the bonny Land o' Cakes,
He 's a faithfu' braw Scot laddie a'
the same;

Tho' he'll miss his kilt an' bonnet,
You can a' depend upon it
That Maryknoll will ever be his hame.

—Paul A. Lewis, O.M.I., San Antonio Texas.

Honey-Gathering.

THE latest addition to the rapidly growing Maryknoll community is 100,000 bees, which came



THE "BRITHER" WITH A BEE-BUG.

by auto from Mount Saint Alphon-sus. These four-winged helpers promise to act as our unpaid fertilizing agents, to make wax for our chapel candles, and to give us a valuable substitute for sugar during these war times.

The queen bee runs the new community. She lays about a thousand eggs a day and seems satisfied, while others are satisfied to let her and her colony alone. Everybody works at Maryknoll, even in the hives, for the workers have ejected the drones.

Since the workers and queen are all "lady-bees," the Teresians are happy. But not always. The other night, the telephone bell rang about five-thirty. At the convent-end of the wire an excited voice said: "Have Brother Bee come over immediately with his 'bird cage' and gloves—his bees have swarmed our community room."

The brother found that the screen door had been left ajar, and half a hundred bold bad bees were buzzing around. Needless to say, the blue and the gray of the Teresian garb were very much in evidence—by their absence. The spiritual reading was held elsewhere.

The silver stream still flows steadily into our demesne, revealing God's goodness and the fine response of truly Catholic hearts.

Prelates and priests, as usual, have befriended us in the past month, supplying proofs of their interest from Texas, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, New York and Pennsylvania.

An annuity of a thousand dollars, stimulated by a priest's interest, arrived; the parish of Albion (N. Y.) sent its regular remittance towards the yearly support of one of our students; another student was provided for by the Albany direction of the Propagation of the Faith; the St. Anne Burse climbed through a gift of \$500 from Brighton, Massachusetts; and the fattest mite-box we have yet received came from a priest in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Some readers have already taken a fancy to the appeal for St. Joseph's House, the converted Maryknoll Barn. More would follow this example if they could see the attractive and substantial building that is beginning to catch the eyes of passing motorists.

The building is near completion, and we have been paying for it as we went along because we did

not wish to bother our friends with too many appeals.

Now, however, we are ready for help in the furnishing, and here is your opportunity:

Thirty Rooms—fifty dollars each. (Name your room or have it in memory of a relative or friend).

Recreation Room—one hundred dollars.

Carpenter Shop—one hundred dollars.

Machine Shop—two hundred dollars.

A Cry from the Teresians.

THE Teresians now number twenty-two, and they have flowed over the top of the old shoe. We picked up the stragglers and found a new shoe in which to place them, but we have anxious moments as we look ahead.

Our anxiety is of course for the welfare of the Teresians themselves, because they are very useful people and we like to keep them in good condition. The more Teresians we have the further we can spread this great work; but—there is a limit to house room and the Marys that serve Maryknoll are getting "up to the limit."

The Teresians like music better than the voices of some among them would lead one to suppose.

Once upon a time they were the proud possessors of a singing-machine, but in a fit of generosity they loaned it to some neighbors, and the songs came to an end—the machine also. Later "the finest instrument in town" was promised, but the would-be-benefactor passed away and hope faded.

Why don't you buy one for those devoted women? you ask.

Buy one? Never, while one of our friends has a copper left in the bureau drawer. We have more substantial needs and other notes to meet than those that come from a Victrola. The canary bird on the back porch must whistle louder.



gratitude towards the benign Providence Who disposes all things so well.

Barring the war, we begin the term under excellent auspices. Our staff has been augmented and is made up, with one exception, of Maryknoll pioneers. Practically all subjects—minus the fads—taught in high school and the first two years of college are included in our course of study. Special stress is laid on Latin and French, as these two languages are of great importance to missionaries. Latin is the ordinary means of communication with the native clergy of the missions until their language has been acquired: French is necessary because, up to the present time, the majority of missionaries have hailed from unfortunate France, "eldest daughter of the Church."

Of the natural sciences, the Vénard deals only with physics and chemistry, since others, including "Agronomy" (look it up), are covered at Maryknoll.

We need for these courses apparatus of every kind—and we do not wish to pay for it! We feel that there must be in Catholic institutions throughout the country an abundance

of slightly antiquated apparatus which has been set aside to make room for newer outfits. Will not the heads of science departments, who love their profession and also the cause of the Vénard, come to our assistance?

Now for a little news.

His Lordship of Scranton, "our" Bishop Hoban, favored us with another visit. He came during the Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union and introduced us to the Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, C.S.P., Rector of the Apostolic Mission House in Washington.

During the Convention many delegates from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia called at our School. City visitors are easily pleased with anything rural. The delegates liked the twin baby calves; they thought the pigs "cute," and admired even the weeds growing in our garden. They were the happier for their visit, and we were the happier for the new friends we had made. Each one gave a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR and all will spread the knowledge of the Vénard and Maryknoll among their acquaintances.

Our kitchen has been busy all summer, acting on the motto: "Eat what you can and can what you can't." Now in view of the winter we have made it run like this: "Can what you can and eat what you can't." But you can't can without cans, can you? We can can and continue to can if you can—send us some of those Mason jars which you are not using. Thank you! We shall now "put the can on" ourselves.

Send for a Chi-Rho (key-ro) pin and wear it.



SUMMER SPARROWS AT CLARK'S GREEN.

The Pile.



WE ask our readers to remember in prayers now, as they wish later to be remembered themselves, these souls of our friends:

Rev. E. V. Flood, Michael Moynihan
O.P. James Carroll
Rev. P. H. McCarron, Michael Nolan
Mrs. Annie Donahue
Rev. Albert Bader, Eugene Doyle
Edwin Ormsby, Bernard McCloskey
John Slamon, Miss Tobin
Johanna Bowers, Thomas P. Flood
John Bowers, Mrs. Sarah Clausen
Timothy Moynihan, Sr. M. Angela

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: J. H.; Mrs. E. B.; Rev. J. J. F.; M. S.; Rev. J. L.; M. J. M.; D. H.; Rev. J. J. S.; Fr. J.

Deceased: William Graser; Mrs. Catherine McConnon; James Hennessy.

RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.

Chalice; raincoat; medals; books; towel; clothing—clerical and otherwise; paint; vestments; records; locks; censer; cancelled stamps, tin-foil and so forth, from Conn., Md., Mass., Ky., N. J., N. Y., Pa., R. I., and Sing Sing prison; old gold, jewelry, and so forth, from Calif., Conn., Ia., Mass., N. J., N. H., N. Y., Pa., R. I.

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$1.00	
California	5.30	
Connecticut	99.95	32
District of Columbia	6.00	3
Georgia		1
Idaho	1.00	
Illinois	38.50	382
Indiana	15.00	4
Iowa		1
Kentucky	5.00	1
Maine	8.00	
Maryland	33.25	2
Massachusetts	*2,241.00	46
Minnesota	28.65	2
Missouri	4.00	33
Michigan	55.00	
Nebraska	10.00	
New Hampshire	†1,040.50	1
New Jersey	46.63	11

New Mexico	\$3.00	
New York	1,164.03	
Ohio	18.50	1
Oklahoma		1
Pennsylvania	710.69	4
Rhode Island	132.15	7
South Dakota	.50	
Texas	9.08	
Vermont	5.00	
West Virginia	1.00	
Wisconsin	3.27	2

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Alaska	\$2.00	
Canada	1.50	1
Hawaii	14.70	
Newfoundland	5.00	
New Zealand		1
Nova Scotia	2.25	

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Sept. 1, 1917, 2,685,381 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,764,619 "
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Sept. 1, 1917, 1,099,344 "
For sale at ½ cent a foot, 4,900,656 "

If the maintenance of an aspirant for the priesthood at Maryknoll or The Vénard appeals to you, you may satisfy this holy desire by the offering of two hundred and fifty dollars for one year. Our student will himself assure you of his gratitude and his prayers.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Complete).

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	5,000.
Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000.
Father B. Burse.....	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse...	5,000.

A new burse cannot be listed until it has reached one hundred dollars.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund..	\$9,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	1,371.91
Anonymous Catechist Fund....	600.00
Bread Fund.....	539.47
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund	85.00

*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

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His Eminence JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

President—

JOHN J. BURKE, C. S. P.

Here is a short note that says much:

When through reading THE FIELD AFAR I always pass it along in the hope of its reaching some one who may become interested in the good work.

An Alabama priest recently sent a nest-egg from the mite-box in his study. Back of the mite-box he has tacked up a sign: "Every visit to this room will cost you a nickel for the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. Loosen up!"

A nun of the Sacred Heart, writing from a distant convent, expresses her conviction that if a *Barat Burse* were started, in honor of *Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat*, it would soon be completed. She would also like to see in the Maryknoll Student Burse List the name of *Janet Stuart*, the late deeply loved and regretted Mother-General of the Sacred Heart nuns.

A harmless little sample copy sent to Minnesota at the request of some *Field-Afar-ite* brought back the following:

I received your sample copy of THE FIELD AFAR and enjoyed reading it very much. I wish to enter in at least a small way into the apostolic work which you are carrying on and so am sending you a draft for fifty dollars, an offering to secure for myself the privileges and blessings of a Perpetual Membership and subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

By paying five dollars you can receive The Field Afar for six years.

Extra labor for God's cause is a fine proof of Christian charity. Here is an example:

Will you kindly place this little sum towards Saint Rita's Burse? It is the tenth of the money we get for private lessons during this month. It is my intention of offering every month to the Missions that fraction of the money we receive for private tuition, for I am confident that Almighty God, through the intercession of Saint Rita, will grant us the favors I am asking.

Such a letter as the following from a seminarian in Baltimore to one of our own hopefuls is the sort that makes the future look not exactly forlorn.

My mite-box would not keep even such a poor eater as you are in bread very long. However, I hope when you are over "yonder" to help vary your menu a little from the perennial rice. You may hold me to this! I ought to pay for the privilege of having a friend in your heroic band.

"The boys"—many a boy now owns shares in Maryknoll land, but we can still find some choice portions for more like J., E., and P.

From the enclosed check please credit the boys, J—, E—, and P—, with two hundred feet of land each at the Vénard. This is to insure their real estate being held for them until they arrive. Give my wife and myself each one hundred feet at Maryknoll. With the five dollars remaining we want you to buy peanuts to celebrate your Silver Jubilee.

Cape Cod has some redeeming features. One who knows us, writes:

I have recently struck upon a scheme to get money for Maryknoll from the Cape Cod Puritans of this village. Being practically all Protestants, they think little and buy less of Catholic papers. They do buy a certain national weekly which I carry. This I sell them for five cents, making a profit of two cents on every copy sold. In a week I make about twenty cents. Now I am going to ask you to send me a mite-box which I may fatten on these Cape Cod spondulicks.

It is a Kentucky priest who shows this interest:

I send you a check for \$20, to be disposed of as follows:
Subscription to THE FIELD AFAR..\$1.00
640 feet of Maryknoll land..... 6.40
St. Anthony's Burse.....10.00

Maryknoll sealing stamps.....\$1.00
With Christ in China..... 1.00
Just de Bretenières..... .60

You are welcome to all the profit accruing from the land investment. Don't hesitate to use it for all your trouble.

I expected to send you a larger amount, but just at present I am in a fix similar to your own, trying to raise funds to pay off pressing debts. If I succeed in my efforts I shall not forget Maryknoll when it comes to disposing of the surplus.

Later our friend wrote:

I've just got out of trouble—paid a large debt that has been bothering me for years. (Don't you wish you were in my shoes?) I want to celebrate the event and have decided that the best way is to become a Perpetual Member in your Society. Enclosed you will find fifty dollars.

Do not publish my name. I will help more whenever I can.

All roads lead to Maryknoll and all kinds of people are getting friendly. Witness this:

This tinfoil was sent to me for Maryknoll by a seven year old Jewish child whom I endeavored to interest in the saving of tinfoil. She is elated over the box saved and says she hopes the Sisters I told her about can use it.

I am sending you a money-order



THE MOTHER OF THESE TWO BOYS HOPES THAT BOTH OF THEM MAY BECOME FOREIGN MISSIONERS.

Routers! Routers!

Carry some copies of THE FIELD AFAR to your friends—and be a Maryknoll Router.

Here is what you should do:

1. For each copy you will pay six cents.
2. Sell each copy for ten cents.
3. You require no permission to sell to your relatives and friends—but
4. Secure your pastor's permission if you wish to sell to strangers.
5. For every twenty papers you sell we will send you a Maryknoll Pin (if you already have one you may sell or give this to some one else).
6. You must ask for this pin when you write.
7. As soon as possible after the delivery of your papers send your returns in postage stamps (any denomination) at our expense.
8. If you have any papers left tell us how many, and Fr. Ignatius will instruct you what to do with them.

for ten dollars. This was collected in sums ranging from one to five cents, gathered on pay-day of each week in the work-room of a manufacturing dry-goods house in Boston. About forty persons had a share in this donation. Among them are five Protestants and five Hebrews.

This is the fourth contribution of ten dollars made by these same workers in a little over one year. The previous ones were given to other missionary enterprises.

How interesting the study of geography can be made through an acquaintance with mission life has already been proved by nuns whom we know. A lay-teacher who has recently made this discovery writes:

As a teacher I have a fine opportunity, in connection with our study of the countries of the Far East, to tell much of the missionary work carried on there. As I have only three Catholics in a school of forty pupils, it is necessary to give correct information and I feel that such is given in your THE FIELD AFAR. The pictures which appear on the cover are interesting as well as instructive, and many of these I have mounted and kept for school work.

Have you seen *The Catholic Prayer-book for the Army and Navy*—edited by Fr. John J. Burke, C.S.P.? The price of each copy is fifteen cents (\$10.00 a hundred). It is published by The Paulist Press.



MARYKNOLL CIRCLES.

THE announcement of a card-party held in San Francisco under the auspices of the Maryknoll Women's Auxiliary arrived too late for the August issue. The affair occurred August 24th., in the social hall of the Y. M. I. Building and gave proof positive of the rising mission spirit of the city that lies at the Golden Gate.

The San Francisco Auxiliary meets in its new quarters at 1911 Van Ness Avenue, on the fourth Sunday of each month, at 8 P. M.



THE MARIA CIRCLES.

The *Maria Circles* of Pittsburgh are forming Rosary chains to pray for peace. Each member takes a certain decade or more of the Rosary and agrees to recite it daily or several times a day during the continuation of the war.

Now that the summer holidays are over, our members are returning with fresh enthusiasm to the work of the Circles and are seeking suggestions to guide their fall and winter activities. We offer the following:

1. Make friends for THE FIELD AFAR and secure subscriptions.
2. Talk up and pass on mission books and literature. (Send to the *Circle Director* at Maryknoll for a list.)
3. Distribute mite-boxes among your friends—and arouse their enthusiasm for filling them.
4. Fill landlips for Maryknoll or the Vénard.
5. Sew for Maryknoll or the Vénard.
6. Contribute towards the support of a student at Maryknoll or the Vénard. (\$250 a year.)
7. Contribute towards the running expenses of Maryknoll or the Vénard.
8. Help a burse of Our Blessed Mother or your favorite saint to climb towards the completed list.
9. Do anything else you please to help the work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and the spread of God's kingdom on earth.
10. Keep in mind the Circles' slogan: A dollar to the missions for every dollar to pleasure.

Each Maria mission circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each circle member may enroll contributing members.

The circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No unnecessary discussion of persons or of personal matters shall be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the circle members.

Address: *The Circle Director*,
Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.

Teaching Nuns—Attention!

TEACHING nuns will find this letter from one of their Foreign Mission sisters suggestive and interesting. It was written by a Sister of Charity in Ning-po to the pupils of St. Patrick's School in Elmira, New York:

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Very many thanks for your generous offerings for the Chinese children. Our dear Lord will reward you for remembering His forsaken little ones in this pagan land.

I feel sure you will be glad to know what we have done with your money and to have a little news about the babies.

Concilis, Evangelista, Antonia, and Fidelis Patricia were all tiny foundlings, very pitiable indeed to see. Fidelis Patricia was rescued from an unnatural mother who had tried to strangle her, was brought here half-dead, and went to Heaven immediately after baptism. Angela was a dear little one found by the river, and the other three were newborn babies thrown out in the night for the dogs to eat.

Josephine, Mary, Agnes, and Aloisia are all strong healthy children, who have been saved by you and will be supported for years on the remainder of your money. Each of them has her own little history of hardship but I cannot stop to tell you about them now, for I am going out baptizing and if I leave this letter it will not catch the mail, which goes only once a week.

Later I shall try to get their photo-

graph taken for you, but that is very difficult in a Chinese city like ours, which is so primitive it has no signs of civilization anywhere. Just think, there is no one here who understands a word of English, so I must always speak French and am in danger of forgetting my own language. If any of you would like to write to me I should be very glad indeed to read your letters.

I am going now to a pagan village to search for dying babies and give them the grace of baptism. Five shall be named "Patrick," in honor of the great patron of your school and to give you all some little intercessors in Heaven.

Since I came to China I have had the consolation of giving one-thousand-two-hundred-and-sixty little pagans their passport to the Better Land. Though the Chinese do very cruel things you must remember that their pagan superstitions are to blame. All babies born on the feast-days of any of their gods must be thrown out: baby girls thrown away or killed are supposed to bring blessings on the family. This is the Chinese way of making sacrifices to their gods or idols, and I am sorry to say that many of these poor misguided people serve the devil, the author of their religion, with even greater fidelity than many Catholics serve Our dear Lord. They make great fasts, offer incense and sacrifices, and often watch all night long in the pagodas, while so many Christians leave Our Lord alone in His tabernacles and never think of making Him a little visit during the day.

It is very sad to see and hear of so many thousands dying every day without having heard Our Lord's Name. Most of them are good industrious people and lead simple hardworking lives. I am sure if they had only a few of the graces we have many of them would serve God much better than we do.

Now, dear children, whenever you have a moment to spare go and visit Our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and thank Him for giving you the gift of faith and ask Him for the conversion of one pagan or the baptism of one poor little baby. Some children away off in dear old Ireland do that every day on their way from school. He is waiting for petitions like that and will be only too glad to grant your request.

I am sending a few Chinese idols for you to see and thank you again for your great kindness.

Trusting you will remember us all in your good prayers,

Devotedly yours,

The Missionary

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- to maintain the Apostolic Mission House where priests are trained to give missions to your non-Catholic neighbors.
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EVERYBODY STOPS WORK WHEN
THE FIELD AFAR ARRIVES.

The Field Afar A Globe Trotter.

THE FIELD AFAR is excellent.—*Bishop Casartelli, Salford, England.*

It is certainly a well-edited paper. Do not fail to exchange with us.—*Rev. Paulo Manna, M.A., Editor of "Le Missioni Cattoliche," Milan, Italy.*

It fell into my hands by mere chance, but I consider it a gift of Divine Providence.—*Sister Angelique, Amsterdam, Holland.*

I am most interested in THE FIELD AFAR. Our dear Japan will doubtless profit by the interest Catholics of America are taking in the missions.—*Rev. C. Jacquet, Sendai, Japan.*

May your beautiful work as shown in THE FIELD AFAR grow ever more prosperous.—*Rev. A. M. Clauser, Yule Island, Papua, Oceania.*

I have derived great pleasure from reading it. I wish the dear little paper a long life of useful work.—*Bishop Gramigna, Allahabad, India.*

May THE FIELD AFAR be largely instrumental in cultivating the missionary field, far and wide, to the greater glory of God and as a lasting honor to the Catholics of America.—*A. Hopfgartner, Sibiu, Borneo.*

It manifests a completely new spirit and is an object-lesson for the whole English-speaking world. God knows it was badly wanting.—*Rev. H. Browne, S.J., University College, Dublin, Ireland.*

It is most admirably conducted; the material and form are equally admirable. It has a variety and life which our old countries in Europe have not yet known how to catch.—*Bishop Mutel, Seoul, Korea.*

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